WHITTIER'S POEMS.

A BEAUTIFUL NEW EDITION.

THE WRITINGS OF JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. Riverside Edition. With portraits. In seven volumes, 12mo. Vols. I, II, III, IV. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A library edition of Whittier's works was pubpublished in 1 366, and after an interval of twentytwo years this new, rearranged and definitive edition, beautifully printed and neatly bound, is put forth with the final touches of the poet. It is in all respects an edition worthy of his genius, and the classification may be regarded as indicating his ultimate judgment upon those of his earlier poems which-too firmly fixed in the affection of the public to be discarded-are assigned the most modest position by being relegated to an appendix. Every care has been taken to ascertain the chronology of this body of verse, and when Mr. Whittier has not been able to fix dates with certainty the poems have been grouped in accordance with their subjects and period suggested by internal evidence. Full indexes and chronological tables are also given, and the new edition is enriched by a series of portraits of the author, taken at different periods

So important a literary event as the issue of the definitive edition of the works of Mr. Whittier may well be taken as the text for some observations upon the verse of one who has special and peculiar claims to the title of an American poet, and much of whose poetry is indissolubly connected with the greatest social, moral and political convulsion that ever shook the foundations of the Republic. Whittier has been styled the "Poet of New-England" and the "Quaker Both designations are significant, but neither is comprehensive enough. He represents truly, and as no other poet has done, the old Puritan sense of duty, and the old Puritan fervor of religious feeling. But he has a breadth and e fundamental tenderness which the old Puritan did not possess. The Quaker in him is so blended with the Puritan that to the strength of the latter is joined the sweetness of the former. There are times when Whittier's verse burns with white-heat of righteous wrath; when his words flash and blaze against the iniquity of slavery with scathing energy. There are times when the solemn denunciation of National sin falls from his lirs with the sonorous vibration of Hebrew prophecy, and when the elevation of his spirit seems to belittle the objects of his commination as with the crash and sweep of Sinaitie thunder. But in his fiercest moods it is always the sin rather than the sinner that he smites, and his aim is is ever reconciliation, and not revenge.

It has become rather the custom of late affect a fine aesthetic depreciation of Whittier's anti-slavery peems. This is perhaps characteristic of a period in which the decline of earnestness and the lightening of the yoke of duty are prominent tendencies, but it is a mistake. Matthew Arnold observes, in his essay on Wordsworth: " It is important to hold fast to this, that poetry at bottom is a criticism of life; that the greatness of a poet lies in his powerful and beautiful application of ideas to life-to the question, How to live." Let us see how this observation applies Whittier. When he began what from any point of view must be considered his most important life work, he found the morals of society in a sophisticated condition. Even his native New-England had suffered the inevitable corruption attendant upon evil communications. Contact and familiarity with human slavery on the one hand, political opportunism on the other, had brought on a moral atrophy from which only the heroic remedies applied by Garrison and Whittier could have relieved the community. At such periods compromise is an aggravation, for it is a sedative. It stupefies the patient, but does not mitigate the disease. It needed Garrison's prose and Whittier's poetry to rouse the public conscience, when even the ministers of Christ had found in His Gospel an apology for slavery, and the chains of the fugitive slaves were reshackled under the very shadow of the Cross.

To a new generation there may seem somewhat of extravagance in the anti-slavery lyrics of that bygone time, but to the clear-eyed student of history they must ever appear no less natural, fit and wholesome than the thunderstorm which forms the climax to a season of oppressive and relaxing heat, and whose electric convulsions cool and clear and moisten the air. The season had indeed been morally oppressive. For a time there was little response even to the thunder. Men's consciences were drugged. The "Abolitionist" bardly less hated at the North than at the South. Hardly less? Perhaps the North detested him the more, for at the North the excuse for the "covenant with Heil" was less than at the South it was the excuse only of a base expediency. Whittier's bolts were shot into the strongholds soul wherever they struck.

His verses stirred men's souls as they had never been stirred before. Here was no cuphemism, no blinking of the question. National sin was forced home to the national conscience with a directness, a force, a fire, which commanded and compelled attention. All through that long, and as it sometimes appeared, that hopeless struggle, Whittier's poems rang out like trumpet-calls. He neglected no opportunity, and he never spoke without manifesting that heated conviction, that divine race at passively endured wrong, which give life and reforming power to all human expression.

The anti-slavery poems are often ragged, no doubt. It would be easy to show faults of technique in them and lapses of melody, but such criticism would be in the circumstances frivolous and out of place. They need not be regarded from an artistic point of view. They must be considered as high moral agencies; as the vehicle of a great teaching, which took the form of poetry naturally, because poetry is the destined instrument of the loftiest and noblest ideas, and which are as much a part of national history as the chronicle of the battles and campaigns fought afterward in final settlement of that irrepressible conflict which these spiritual weapons so strongly contributed to precipitate. Whittier's anti-slavery poems are the highest, purest expres sion of the national soul. They combine the Puritan intolerance of sin with the Quaker compassion. They are, so to speak, the Higher Self of America rebuking the Lower Self; scorning the mercenary spirit which hugged the idea of eternal compromise, contemning the moral cowardice which condoned a flagrant wrong; putting the whole question on that supreme plane of Christian ethics where to contemplate it but for a moment was to see the shame and infamy of the situation. Whittier's poetry was eminently fitted for the work it had to do, moreover. There was a ring and vibration in it which carried the reader away Some of the anti-slavery lyrics sound like a charge of Cromwell's Ironsides. The poet wrote at a white heat; " his soul burned within him" as the picturesque scriptural figure puts it. His passion was contagious, not to be denied. It swept be fore it all the conventional shelters, excuses, shuffling evasions and recourses. It drove straight to the heart of the matter. It brought freedom and slavery face to face and held them there. That is how his poetry must be read and understood, and so comprehended it will remain forever a precious possession of the American people, and while a reminder, indeed, of their shame, not the less a monument to the underlying rectitude of purpose and soundness of moral character which found ultimate expression in the great uprising beneath which slavery perished from out the land

The American people are quick in apprehension and susceptible in sympathy. They recognized the worth of Whittier's services to the country more than a generation ago, and they took him to their hearts then, and have ever since kept

tion, how to live. Even while his anti-slavery lyrics were ringing through the country he showed his capacity to write both ballad and pastoral poetry of no mean merit. In the one subject of love he has ventured little, though whenever he has touched it he has evinced true insight and full sympathy. But his nature is one of those rare and largely moulded ones which seem destined to exalt the thoughts and ennoble the deeds of a people rather than merge themselves in the definite delights and mingled expressions of the strongly individualized career. The evidence of this is to found scattered through Whittier's reflective poems, while the eche of what may be called his dominant impulse can be caught again and again. As he wrote of himself in the lines " To My Namesake":

" Whate'er his neighbors might endure Of pain or grief his own became; For all the fils he could not cure He held himself to blame."

Throughout his poetry dramatic and lyrical genius are seen to be in the service of pure morality and elevated ideas. There is never the least suggestion of sensuousness. Even his poems of nature are touched by a spirit which would be austere were it not softened by that sense of universal brotherhood, that acute sympathy with all existence as well as all humanity which breathes from his verse so tenderly. Many of his ballads are among the best we have. His feeling for color and proportion, his true gift of picturesque composition, and the swing and fluency of his versa, render him an admirable teller of stories in this kind. Take "Hugh Ireson's Ride," or "Cassandra Southwick," or Barely of Ury," or "How the W m n went from Dover," in illustration. In these, as indeed all his lyries, the suggestion and usually the motive is fine, wholesome, stimulating. It could bardly be that a man so saturated with the spirit of didacticism as Whittier could ke; from moralizing in his poetry. There are critical authorities who look with disapproval upon this position, and some even go so far as to assert that to put morals in verse is bad act. If that were really true it would be necessary to say "So much the worse for art." But it is not true. Matthew Arnold, whom we have already quoted, may with profit be referred to again here. After observing that "morals are often treated in a narrow and false fashion" by poets, and that this objectionable fashion sometimes drives men to take refuge in "a poetry of revolt" against them, he points out that after all "a poetry of revolt against moral ideas is a poetry of revolt against life; a poetry of indifference toward meral ideas is a poetry of indifference toward That is a fair test, and by it we are willing that Whittier's artistic reputation should be judged. He is indisputably a moral poet, but we do not think he can be charged with treating morels in "a narrow and false fashion." For what are his morals? They are those of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. In so far as he differed from the churches in so far he has returned the nearer to that source of knowledge and inspiration which both profess to accept and to maintain as the rule of conduct. This, too, is one reason why Whittier's departures from what is called orthodoxy have never lessened his strong hold upon the religious feeling of the country. His readers perceive that where he differs from others it is in being broader, in manifesting larger sympathies, in interpreting the mysteries of life from the point of view of absolute and vital How tenderly and compassionately he treats wrongdoers! How benign and comprebensive is the scope of his tolerance, not for sin, but for sinners.

Of his feeling for nature and his knowledge of the free life of the open air, the life of the arm, "Snow-Bound" is by common consent the most complete and admirable example. indeed a masterpiece; and though Whittier has described spring and autumn and summer in the country-the New-England country, that is to say -with felicity and fulness, we do not think his pictorial power and his sympathy with his subject are anywhere so finely shown as in this perfect

Many of Whittier's most noble verses are to be found among the so-called "Personal Poems." In his portraits of celebrated people it is needless to say that his own conceptions of the subjects ary tasks: that, namely, of employing superhave been more influential with him than historieal facts. They are strongly charged with his idealism, but are not the less interesting for that. The "Songs of Labor" exhibit the poet's usual strong geniality and closeness of touch with the neonle. In this respect they are evidence for the justness of the claim that he is a distinctively American poet. The religious poems show the man clearly and perhaps as fully as is possible. of hypocrisy and cant, and they stung to the They are instinct with that catholicity of hope, that thoroughly pious optimism which, while too candid to shrink from the disturbing facts of life, yet overcomes their discouraging tendency by steadfast insistance upon the extent of the problem of existence and the limitations of the human percipience. The essence of his religion is trust in the goodness and love of God: and this inspires and invigorates all his religious This verse, therefore, is of a kind to commend itself to all who entertain beliefs resting in any way upon a theory of divine ordering of the universe. It has nothing to do with denominational formulas or cut-and-dried theology. It is the simplest and at the same time the mest Christian of doctrines, and it has been

already the consolation and the aid of thousands. We have here purposely regarded Mr. Whittier's poetry from the popular rather than from the scholar's point of view, seeking to ascertain by what methods and manifestations the poet has earned and won the applause and affection of the American people and in what respects he and his poetry may be regarded as factors in National development. Beyond all controversy, he is a poet of whom and of whose work every American who loves his country and desires to see her advance must be proud; for no writer of our time has upheld a leftier stangard; has batthat more faithfully and unweariedly for human rights: has illustrated and enforced the doctrines of a higher life more powerfully and attractively; or has used his gifts more largely for the furtherance of all that is lovely and pure and elevating and manly and compassionate and brotherly. He had been sided in this work by a poetical genius which, if not of the highest order, is assuredly none the less genius; whose assion and fire and melody have been the soul and the wings to his verse, and whose fame is not likely to grow less, but, on the contrary, must increase and extend so long as the American people retain any capacity for moral and spiritual

NOVEMBER BOUGHS. By Walt Whitman. 8vo, pp. 140. Philadelphia: David McKay. It seems probable that this volume will be the last published by Walt Whitman, and it is a gathering together of many fragments, mostly in prose. The verse consists of the short pieces under the head "Sands at Seventy," a little collection which fairly exhibits the poet's strength and weakness, and in proportions indicating the maintenance by him of a curious stability of quality. In the prose part of "November Boughs," the openng paper entitled "A Buckward Glance O'er Travel'd Roads" will be to many readers the most interesting for the reason that it is a restatement of the considerations which, in his eyes, justify the peculiarities of his form and method. Here, too, is to be noted evidence of an unchanging point of view which in Whitman's case is more than the effect of advancing age-though that, too, is partly accountable for it. The poet himself mainly or finally rest. He has made, as Matthew Arnold insists that the true poet must make, a "powerful and beautiful application of ideas to life"; and especially and first of all to the ques-

ness and want of both sympathy and elasticity

than of originality and the zertgeist. The very fact that his strongest poems are those in which he displays his eccentric method least should have bred mistrust in him of the soundness of his theories. The fact that, while believing himself the poet of the people, he has never been accepted by the people as their poet, should have led him to question the intallibility of his inspiration, and above all have forced him to ask himself whether, after all, he saw the democratic movement of his time as it really was. But it is clearly enough shown in this, his last volume, that Walt Whitman's fundamental misapprehensions that the future progress of the United States is to be largely spiritual, and the parallel implication that his poetry represents a step in this direction. Age, indeed, has sobered him considerably, and in his last poems we miss the deflant tone with which he was went to reinforce his assaults upon all the conventionalities. There is, too, less crudeness and more melody in his verse, and less, be it said also, of that impetuous panoramic tendency which formerly converted some of his most ambitious pieces into the semblance of fantastic catalogues. His prose style is marked by some, but not all, of the defects which mar his poems, but it is generally clear enough in meaning, and at times vigorous, if never graceful.

THE COUNTESS EVE.

SHORTHOUSES'S QUEER STORY.

THF COUNTESS EVE. By J. H. Shorthouse. 12mo, pp. 240. Macmillan & Co. "The Countess Eve" is a book of singular ower and beauty, but it is not a book for all readers. There are subjects the intellectual apprehension of which is not a question of culture, but of constitution. There are some ears incapable of distinguishing those extremely rapid airwave vibrations which constitute the highest Even to the strongest eyes the violet ray in the spectrum conveys only the impression of darkness. The analogy holds with mental capabilities also. To some intelligences the conception of a supra-sensuous world-an " unseen universe" in which thoughts and passions and evil and good acts may perhaps take on form and become in their turn influences reacting, beneficially or malefficiently, on mankind-has always been not merely easy, but natural. Nor has this class of minds at any time been a narrow one. In all ages it has furnished a philosophy, a theory of life and its significance, which has seemed reasonable enough to be preferred by numbers to the esoteric doctrines commonly given forth. In those periods when the mysteries of the Christian religion were most deeply pendered, and when, more than at any time before or since, men were moved by religious emotions as to translate faith inte action and live their creed daily, what came to be called mysticism attracted and controiled many of the purest and noblest souls.

The blighting stigma of superstition had not then

been put in operation to destroy psychical devel-

opment and to throw all the weight of the preva-

ent progressive movement in favor of materialism. Since that period the tendency to atrophy in he spiritual vision has been steadily growing, and at present, though reaction has set in, the limitations of the average intelligence are sharply marked off by the capacities of the grosser senses. To all such as are rooted in modern materialism Mr. Shorthouse's story will be as " caviare to the general." They will see in it no more than a fantastic, mystified, cloudy imagination, having nothing in touch with the "practical," violating all the principles of realistic art, introducing phantoms and impossible " principalities and powers," and, in short, too vaporous and fanciful be received seriously. Nor is there the least coson to expect that this view will be surrendered for a more appreciative one by those who hold it naturally at first; for to the man whose ears are so made that the cricket's chirp is inandible to him it is useless to try and explain a sound be never can hear. But to the reader in whom the spiritual elements are responsive "The Countess Eve" will certainly appear one of the most delightful, as also one of the most subtly written, books he has read. The author has shown delleacy and certainty of discrimination and touch in one of the most difficult of all literpathes on the one hand and unintelligibility on

The story is mystical, yet it never loses its hold upon the render's interest and sympathy. The author succeeds in extending the atmosphere of mysticism in which the action is carried on so as to include the audience; and the suprasensual illumination, now heavenly bright, anon lurid as a reflection from the pit of Acheron, which at intervals flashes upon the scene, place the spectator no less than the actors en rapport with those denizens of the unseen who are thus made visible for the moment. Nothing in the story is more remarkable than the skill with which this is effected. Nothing, if we except the motive, that is to say, the happiness of a man and wife, the peace of mind, the honor, and possibly the lives, of these two, and a third, who s the agent of evil, which are put in awful copardy by the husband's committed Sin. This emmitted Sin has become an entity, a malign inelligence, and it pursues its destiny in planning other sins of its own nature. The Count has seduced a young girl, who has, as he believes, committed suicide in remorse. His remorse embitters his existence, but his Sin remains active and in search of prey-which it finds at last, or thinks it has found, in his young bride, the lovely The ready agent of evil is La Countess Eve. Valliere, a handsome young actor, almost destitute of moral sense, living for the day only, a creature of impulse and passion. At his first meeting with the Countess he sits looking at her after supper in the great hall of the chateau, while his friend De Brie is playing the violin: The plaintive note changed into the clear, hely oy of a pure love that meets its fellow and i glad, and La Valliere's eyes gleamed with a sudden error indescribable in words, for from behind the gay, flowering screen, out of the weird darkness beyond, there glided a faint, shadowy figure and stood beside the Countess's couch, leaning towards her as if to speak. Faint and almost indefinite at first, the figure became momentarily more distinct. A strange, absorbing feeling took possession of La Valliere's mind, in answer, as it seemed, to a corresponding effort on the part of the appearance itself-an intense desire for a clearer vision; for though the figure apparently concentrated its attention entirely upon the Countess yet there emanated from it, so to speak, an indes ribable efficience of temptation and attraction Inring La Valliere's fancy to endeavor to see more clearly, to be better acquainted with what he saw As the bewitching strains of the violin continued, and this mysterious intruder became more clea and distinct to his excited sense, it seemed to La Valliere that a figure, habited as a French abbe, was leaning on the arm of the Countess's seat and whispering in her ear. It seemed that is presence was unperceived by the Countess herself, or by any of the other persons in the room : but after a few seconds of this strange intercourse-if such it could be called-the attitude nd manner of the Countess changed inexplicably She raised her eyes from the fire, and her look had undergone a surprising change. The hopeless weariness was gone, and in its place was an expression of startled, expectant interest and excitement, subdued and chastened, but real and strong Did La Valliere deceive himself or, in the soft dreamy light across the tremulous motion of the fan, was this altered look directed towards him-

duction of the malefic creature-the Count's em bodied sin-which is struggling to reproduce the evil it represents, and to the ruin of the originator of that evil as well as his innocent wife. this point the drama, half spiritual, half material, marches steadily forward with indescribable beauty and stateliness. The reader is made to feel the presence of the unseen intelligences, of the opposed influences, which fill the air. The beneficent elements are centred in De Brie, the bosom friend of who perceives the danger impending, and whose eyes, too, are opened to see the phantom abbe,but in his true diabolic form, without the suave are ineradicable, and no stronger proof of this disguise in which he appears to La Valliere. Out could be adduced than his declaration of belief of the physical shock caused by this appalling revelation, De Brie eventually derives the remedy he is seeking. It is no part of our purpose to follow the story to its conclusion, which is worthy of its antecedents and full of beauty. not but admire the author's depth of mystical erudition and insight, never more strikingly shown than in the scene of La Valliere's walk on the tower glacis, and his second meeting with the diabolical abbe. It is La Valliere's intense desire once more to see that mysterious form which brings it, and it is the same abnormal exercise of willpower which enables him to hear the voice of the pretended abbe. In this whole scene there is manife t at the same time strong dramatic power, and that facility in realizing the most subtle spiritual conceptions which has been the gift of rare few among writers of fletion. As to the concluding episode, in which the abbe appears for the last time, there is a concentrated force of description and expression in it which produces an impression little less than awful. If we might employ the term " realism" in such a connection, we

nearly all current literature it is an achievement of an exceptional kind. LITERARY NOTES.

should say that it is the realistic energy with

which the author fixes his mystical ideals that

gives to this book much of its effect. In several

respects, and perhaps even as a whole, "The

Countess Eve" is the most important and harmoni-

ously conceived and executed of Mr. Shorthouse's

works. In the elements which separate it from

Mr. Ruskin has written an epilogue of considerable ength and importance to be attached to the new edition of " Modern Painters,"

published in book form by the Harpers next week. It is said that he has lately received letters from people bearing the actual names of Annie Kilburn, "Stephias" is completely absorbed in his task of the Rev. Mr. Peck and Mrs. Munger.

Mr. Eugene Field in a grave discussion of the needs of American literature, advises Western "litterateurs" to begin "booming each other," "The woods out this way," he adds, " are full of cple poets and novlists, but hitherto every fellow has been so busy roasting every other fellow that nobody has had a hance to acquire even temporary immortality. We have too many censors; what we need is censers. shakespeare wouldn't have been half so much advertised if he hadn't belonged to a coterie that took a genuine delight in lauding its members. Greene, Peels, Marlowe, belonged to that same set, and they spent about half their time writing sickening puils of each other. Tradition has it that they were smart men, yet we notice that none of our publishers dares print their books nowadays. A certain glamour environs the memory of Shakespeare, Shake not, thou leaf: it is I must tremble Because I go from my mother's door. yet when you come right down to the facts in the case, one of Bronson Howard's comedles, or one of Cartley Campbell's melodramas, or one of Reginald le Koven's operas will fill a Chicago theatre Hamlet' or 'Richard III.' wouldn't draw any body but lithograph ticket holders and the newspaper

Dropping to a later period, Mr. Field finds that Addison, Steele, Budgell, Tickell, Pope, Spence iff and Arbuthnot formed a mutual-admiration elety par excellence. If they lived in Chicago at he present time they would be whacking away at seh other with sandbags, and each would be wonlering why the America and the Sunday papers could so lower their standard as to print the compositions. Western litterateurs are a proud lot his fresh prairie atmosphere fills a man full of con anybody. Yet the Western litterateur has a pretty full share of business instinct, and if he could be convinced that there was 'business' in the policy of harmony and conciliation he would probably hasty to change his plumage from that of the baldheaded snipe of the valley to that of the sad-voiced dove of Parmassus, scheme at all, but we have thought that it might e a clever idea for our authors, poets, essavists dent and protective association, the specific object of which shall be to disseminate taffy about individual members thereof."

William Morris's forthcoming poem, "The House of the Wolfings," is possibly intended to illustrate the author's socialistic views. It deals with the life of the Gothic tribes on their way through Middle Eu rope and pictures the melting of the individual into the ociety of the tribe. It is said that Mr. Morris's poetry brings him a handsome yearly income. nany other modern poets can say that?

Plenty of fun in the publishing business; Mr. Rider Haggard's friends complain that while he eceived only \$250 for the original edition of "King Solomon's Mines," the publishers have made \$60,000 out of the book. This is "business." Why should the author and his friends be aggrieved? Mr. Haggard hould have made a better bargain, and, undoubtedly, the future Mr. Haggard will do so. These inc. qualities of profit will by-and by teach authors to change their methods of brok-publication Mean-while they have no right to blame publishers, and must quietly submit to the p'an of making their successful books compensale those publishers for he losses incurred on other people's unsuccessful

"Reform methods" of publication will need careful lests before being established. Mr. Hargard, as a ountry squire, with a fortune, might have tried exan afford it publish his own book, "taking the erise! If this became the custom wouldn't fewer and better books be published? And wouldn't this e a blessing to the reading world? These are merely queries, not opinions.

To comfort those who lament over Mr. Haccard's inadequate share of the profits of his own book, we may mention that while Mr. Anstey was paid only \$250 for his "Vice-Versa," Messes, Smith, Elder & o., on finding it su cossful, sent him a check for et eto. Whether they regarded this as charity or

Joaquin Miller, who is living in California, is sriting a novel. His work was interrupted lately by is accidentally sending a built through his hand.

Kathleen O'Meara, the author of "Narka" and "The Salen of Madame Mohl," is dead. She was an Irish coman and a very agreeable and clever one.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward explicitly states that there e no portrait whatever in "Robert Elsmere," exept the obvious and intentional one of "Henry Grey." otherwise the late Professor Green. Green was quite as noble a man as Mrs. Ward has pictured. A glend writes of him: " After spending an hour with him, I always felt I had come under the influence of superior being, and came away with a higher ideal of One of the last books read by Professor Green ess "The Journals of Caroline Fox." "I would rathe o have been such an extraordinary good man."

An amusing instance of hero-worship is related in London. It concerns Mr. Gladstone and is told of workingman. The latter not long ago entered a doned as to what he would like, he replied that he espited " 'Omer." The assistant's next inquiry was hether he would have a Greek text or a translation, t thich he received the following reply: "I don't know nothing about a Greek 'un; what I wants is to read what Mr. Gladstone reads." After half an hour's reading (with his fingers stuck into his ears, to insure grainst interruption) he said he thought it was " rum ort of stuff," and went out. He has not since reurned to finish it.

Mr. Gladstone should be deeply loved by authors for, as superstitious people say, he "brings luck." His paper on "Robert Elsmere" gave that book "a

would not recommend him to publish a large edition, as they feared the public would not care for his style Mr. Shorthouse ultimately determined to print only 100 copies for circulation amongst his friends. Of this edition one copy was sent to Mr. Macmillan, the well-known publisher. One day Mr. Gladstone happened to be in Mr. Macmillan's office, when the latter called his affention to "John Inglesant," begged he would look through the book and give him his opinion as to its merit. Mr. Gladstone took the book away with him, and in a few days wrote to Mr. Macmillan expressing the highest opinion of the work, and begging that Mr. Macmillan would induce the author to give it to the world. The book has since, as we know, passed through many editions, and brought the author wealth and fame.

The forthcoming new novel of that audacious Englishwoman, Mrs. Mona Caird, is entitled "The Wing of Aszael."

Good old jolly Professor Blackie is a daring man. tten-and is going to publish-a magazine article, " Matrimonial Maxims by a Married Man."

The literary lady known as Dora D'Istria is dead. She was in private life the Princess Kelzoff, Mr. Frank P. Stockton writes concerning his ne-

"The Great War Syndicate," that it "is a history of a most remarkable, startling and novel war, between the United States and Great Britain, no account of which has before been written. It is true the war has not yet taken place, but its ast ing and almost marvellous features and incidents are fully detailed by the author. This war is urged on the part of the United States by a syndicate, who make a contract with the Government to carry the war to a successful conclusion without aid from the army and navy of the United States. The surprising manner in which the syndicate prosecutes hostilities, the amazing and stupendous powers of its engines of war, of which it owns a monopoly, and the ethical-cultured fashions in which the campaign is conducted, a wonder to the United States as well as to Great Britain, are fully set forth with all the humorous and hitherto unknown incidents connected with them. The result of this war, entirely and equally favorable and satisfactory to both, delights the soul of the Anglo-Saxon race to such an extent that both England and America unite to build a monument to Thomas Hutchins, whose fate is recorded in the history." Collier's "Once a Week" will contain this distory." (

Henry E. Rhoades, of the engineer corps of the Navy, who was associated with Lieutenant-Commander DoLong, Lieutenant Chipp and Chief Engineer Melville in the Polaris Search Expedition in the Arctic in 1873, and who has been around the world nearly twice, has written a book of travel. It is to be pub lished by the D. Lothrop Company. It deals in an interesting way with the habits and customs of the people of the West Indias, of Brazil and other coun-

THE WEDDING OF THE CLANS.

I go to knit two clans together;
Our clan and this clan unseen of yore—
Our clan fears nought; but I go, O whither!
This day I go from my mother's door.

Thou, red-breast, singest the old song over,
Though many a time thou hast sung it before.
They never sent thee to some strange new lover—
I sing a new song by my mother's door.

I stepped from my little room down by the ladder, The ladder that never so shook before; I was sad last night; to-day I am sadder, Because I go from my mother's door.

The last snow melts upon bush and bramble; From a Spanish sailor a dagger I bought me;

I trailed a rose-tree our grey bawn o'er; he creed and my letters our old bard taught me; My days were sweet by my mother's door.

My little white goat that with raised feet huggest
The oak stock, thy horns in the ivies from.
Could I wrestle like thee-how the wreaths thou tug

I never would move from my mother's door. O weep no longer, my nurse and mother! My fosser-sister, weep not so sore! You cannot come with me, Ir, my brother— Alone I go from my mother's door.

Parewell, my wolf-hound that slow MacOwing.
As he caught me and far through the thickets bore;
My helier, Ab, in the green vale lowing.
My cygnet's nest upon Lorna's shole!

He has killed ten chiefs, this chief that plights me; His hand is like that of the giant Balor; But I fear his kiss, and his beard affrights me, And the great stone dragon above his door.

Had I daughters nine, with me they should tarry; They should sing old songs; they should dauce at

They should sing old songs,
my door;
They should grind at the quern—no need to marry;
O when will this marriage day be o'er?
O when will this marriage day be o'er? Had I buried, like Moirin, three mates already, I might say: "Three husbands! then why not four?" But my hand is cold and my foot unsteady, Because I never was married before!

JOHN RUSKIN'S DOG WISIE.

From Praeterita.

And my dog Wisle, was he dead too? It doesns wholly wonderful to me at this moment that he should ever have died. He was a white Spitz, exactly like Carpaceie's dog in the picture of St. Jerome, and he came to me from a young Austrian obicer, who had got thred of him-the Count Thum, who fell afterward at Sofferino. Before the dog was used enough to us, George and I took him to Lido to give him a little sea cath. George was holding him by his forepaws upright among the little crisp breakers. Wiste snatched them out of his hands and ran at full speed—into Palryland, like Frederick the Great at Mollwitz. He was lost on Lido for three days and nights, living by petty larceny, the fishermen and cottagers doing all they could to catch him; but they told me he "ran like a hare and leaped like a horse."

them out of his hands and ran at full speed—into I airyland, like Frederick the Great at Mollwitz. He was lost on Lido for three days and nights, living by petty larceny, the fishermen and cottagers doing all they could to catch him; but they told me he "ran like a hare and leaped like a horse."

At last, either overcome by hunger, or having made up his mind that even my service was preferable to liberty on Lido, he took the deep water in broad day-light and swam straight for Venice. A fisherman saw him from a distance, rowed after him, took him, tired among the weeds, and brought him to me—the Madonna della Salute having been propitious to his repentant striving with the sea.

From that time he became an obedient and affectionate dog, though of extremely self-whiled and self-possessed character. I was then living on the neith side of St. Mark's place, and he used to sit outside the window on the ledge at the base of fit pillurs the greater part of the day, observant of the manners and customs of Venice. Returning to England, I took him over the St. Gothard, but found bun entirely unappalied by any of the work of Devils on it—big or little. He saw nothing to trouble himself about in precipices if they were wide enough to put his paws on, and the dog who had fied madly from a crisp sea wave froited beside the fall of Reuss just as if it had been another white dog, a little bigger, created out of foam.

Reaching Paris he considered it incumbent upon him to appear unconscious of the existence of that city, or of the Tulleries gardens and Rue Liveli, since they were not st. Maris's place; but, helf asleep one evening on a sofa in the entresol at Beauties', since they were not st. Maris's place; but, helf asleep one evening on the usual ledge and feel, differen feet to the pavement. As I ran down, I met him rushing up the hotel stairs the bad gathered himself from the stones in an instanti bleeding and gidly; he singgered round and round two or three kinnes and feft helpless is the stairs the had been and feel, and two in a dog-hospital. But my omnibus was at door for the London train. In the very turn niche of time I heard that Macdonaid, of St. Marti was in the hotel and would take charge of Wisle the time necessary. The poor, little, speechless, it less, wisifully-gazing dogale was tenderly put I pretty bashet (going to be taken where I thinks beach, no obs at his master to read what less, wistfully gazing dogue was bracerly put in a pretty basket (going to be taken where I thinks the beating heart), looks at his master to read what he can in the sad face, can make out nothing, is hurried out of the inexorable door downstairs, finds himself more nearly dead next day and among strangers. Two miles away from Meurice's along the boulevard

(Two miles away from Meurice's along the boulevard it was.)

He takes and keeps counsel with himself on that matter; driuls and cars what he is given gratefully; swallows his medicine obediently; stretches his limbs from time to time. There was only a wicket gate, he saw, between the boulevard and him. Silently, in the early dawn of the fourth or lifth day, I think, he leaped it, and along two miles of Parisian boulevard came back to Meurice's.

I do not believe there was ever a more wonderful piece of instinct certified. For Macdonald received him in astonishment, and Wisle trusted Macdonald to bring him to his lost master again. The Schealilen chief brought him to Denmark Hill, where, of course, Wisle did not know whether something still worse might not befall him, or whether he would be allowed to stay. But he was allowed and became a bright part of my mother's days, as well as of mine, from 1852 to 1858, or perhaps longer. But I must go back now to 1854-56.

A CLEVEE WOMAN. From an Englishwoman in America.

Once, while traveiling in the West, she was obliged to take a seat in one crowded car, while her friends

to take a seat in one crowded car, while her friends entered next.

Her neighbor in the seat was a disacrecable-looking fellow, whose features showed an alarming amount of low curning, promising actual knavery. In spite of the Englishwoman's distrust of him, she fell askeep, and was awalened by feeling her companion withdrawing his hand from her pocket.

Her first impulse was to raise an alarm; her second to ascertain the extent of her loss. It proved that the thief had only succeeded in taking her baggage-checks, and as his ticket was marked "Chicago," the lady resolved to wait until they reached that place, also her destination.

The train rau into the station at Chicago, the pick-

ART NEWS AND COMMENTS. THE WEEK IN ART CIRCLES

ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF DELACROIX-SALES AT THE ACADEMY-ART NEWS ABROAD.

Another significant example of Delacroix has been brought to this city. This is the "Expulsion from Eden," a composition with three figures, which is larger than any picture by Delacroix yet exhibited here, with the exception of the Sardanapalus. The figures are those of Eve cowering in the foreground. Adam, standing with his face buried in his hands, and the angel above, seen against a sky ablaze with light. This painting is to be placed upon exhibition this week. Its presence may be taken to indicate belief in the growth of appreciation of Delacroix, but it is unfortunately more than doubtful whether this appreciation ever becomes general.

This will be the last week of the Academy ex hibition. The sales at present amount to nearly \$10,000. The paintings sold since the last time of writing are: "Orchid Sprite." Cilo Henton, \$50; The Last Day of October," F. A. Bicknell, 8150; Early Autumn," K. J. Langdon, \$100; "Still Life," G. W. Waters, \$225; "Goldenrod," A. J. Goodman, \$150; "Gladiolas," Lilian F. Conkey, \$90; "An Eastern Beauty," W. E. Plimpton, \$80; "A Gray November Day," W. M. Post, \$125, and "Marie," William Thorne, \$150.

A room full of old masters would be an admirable feature of the Museum's opening, and if the owners of the pictures could be persuaded to overcome their natural reluctance, a strong collection could be formed. Mr. Schaus could lend the "Gilder," and Mr. Have meyer the Van Beresteyn portraits. Mr. Marquand could also contribute a Rembrandt, the well-known portrait of a burgomaster, in addition to his superb full-length portrait by Van Dyck, and examples of Ruysdael, Hals, Van Eyck and other masters, while Turner and Constable might appropriately keep their predecessors company. There are several notable pictures in the collection of the Historical Society, and there are private owners who have authentic If such a collection could be formed old masters." intelligently, the exhibition might help to dispose of the silly idea that all old pictures are valuable, and that genuine old masters are common in American junk shops. Of this delusion Boston furnishes one of the latest examples. The discovery is a "genuine Rubens," and "it would certainly bring from \$50,000 to \$100,000 in Europe." Of course it was "accidentally discovered" and has been "pronounced authentie" by "leading experts." Two or three years ago there were half a dozen "paintings by Rubens" on exhibition at the same time withis a stone's throw of Union Square. But for one reason or another the imposing prices placed upon pictures have never been obtained, or if so, the fact has been carefully concealed.

Messrs. Reichard & Co. exhibit a large collection of American pictures, in pursuance of their purpose, which is to pay especial attention to American act. There are exclient examples of Messrs. Murphy, Bolton Jones, Crane and other landscape painters, with Mr. F. C. Jones's prentily impressible picture of two dainty models in the middle of a swamp, and a very carefully and solidly painted genre by Mr. Hovenden Examples of the older and younger schools face each other in the gallery in the large "Delawate Water Gap," by Mr. George Inness, and "On the Thames," by Boggs. But Mr. Inness is not to be classified as belonging to any school, and this example shows that his manner in 1861 was very different from the provailing manner, although this picture is more objective and detailed than the artist's later work. There is a sloping green bank and cattle in the foreground, and beyond is the broad stretch of the steely river, with mountains in the distance veiled by mist and rain, The elaboration of the work is really no more marked The elaboration of the work is really no more marked than the elaboration of Rousseau's paintings at one period, and the picture is certainly one of remarkable power, although it lacks the fluent brush work, personal touch, and lively feeling for color which are shown to the best of the artist's later paintings. The picture by Mr. Roggs which represents a tow upon the Thames near Greenwich is one of the best of the river scenes which the artist has shown here, exhibiting as it does quick perception of atmospheric effects, careful study of water and of shipping, and judicious regard for harmonious coloring nious coloring It is announced that the elaborate catalogues

the Mergan and Stewart collections are to be followed by an edition de luxe of the catalogue of paintings collected by Mr. James H. Stebbins. These paintings will be placed upon exhibition at the American Art Galleries, probably in the latter part of January, and the sale will be held at Chickering ifall early February. This edition de luxe will be limited to 500 copies. It will contain twenty-four etchings which will be printed upon India paper, and mounted, and each impression will be approved and signed by etched by Mr. R. Swain Gifford : Meissonier's "Stirrua Cup" and "Captain of the Guard" by C. Y. Torner; Gerome's "L'Eminence Grise" by Hamilt in Hamilton; Portuny's "Spanish Lady" by F. W. Freer: Bougue rean's "Love and Riches" by Frederick Dielman: I Neuville's "Hauling by the Capstan" by Stephen Parrish; Fortuny's "Pillera i" by S. J. Ferris; Vibert's "Spanish Diligence Station" by W. St. John Halper; Meissonler's The Game Lost" by F. Ra bicheck; and Daubigny's "scene on the Maine," by Thomas Moran. In addition to the twenty-four etchings after paintings, there will be forty vignette portraits of artists in connecwill be forty vignette potraits of artists in connection with the biographical notes. These have been etched by Messrs, Stephen J. Ferris and Gerome Ferris. Forty paintings, or half the collection, will be presented in "process" zinc etchings. Among them are examples of Rosa Bonbeur, De Nettis, Leloir, Decamps, Horace Vernet, Pasini and Ruo. Thus nearly all the paintings in the collection will be reproduced. It is announced by the publishers, the American Art Association, that this caralogue will be "equal to, if not superior to, any work of its class heretofore published in this country or abroad."

"The Pall Mail Gazette" says: "Concerning the approaching election at the Boyal Academy I am told that 'great efforts are being made by the American colony in London to secure-so far as persuasion canthe return of two prominent and deservedly popular American artists. No doubt full justice will be done to their ciaims, but the prior rights of English camidates will be duly considered by the electors. "The Art Interchange" of December 1 is accom-

panied by a colored supplement representing peoples, The supplements of the December "Art Amateur" are chromoli hographic reproductions of a winter landscape, by Miss Annelie Moran, and a study of a head by Francis Day. "I.' Air' of November 1 presents an etching of a child's head, which is enriously in-teresting as regards expression and manner of execu-tion, although there has been a sacrifice of beauty. Another cheerful example of "Russian realism" in

painting by Constantine Gorsky, estitled "A Test represents Candeyar "put to the test of loyalty by being asked to drink to the health of the Czar in the presence of the dead body of his wife, who had hen executed by the Czar's command." Attention is invited to the painting because "It was supplessed when it reached St. Pe'cisburg, as the Gove nment saw in it an attack upon the monarchical or amouratie principle."

A suggestion which might be applied in some American industrial cen res is furnished in the folociety is in course of formation in the Valley of the Loire, which should find imitators in every manufacturing district of England. This society pro poses to found libraries and museums which shall bear a strict relation to the industries of the neighborgood in which they stand. The first of the three-ections into which trades concerned are to be divided is that of Rubaneric passementerie. For the benefit of designers, a nuseum is to be formed of as many patterns as possible of ribbons, study, and embroideries from every country and period. The collection win from every country and period. The collection win
to partly his orieal, partly commercial; and in the
commercial division every particular as to price,
places of manufacture and consumption, means of
export, etc., will be given. As much will be done
for the two other sections—Armurer's and industries
de for. To a certain extent our provincial museums
are doing what is here described; but their procedures
are far less comple e and systematic than that proposed
by M. Matrice Vachon, the originator of the French
experiment."

TIFFANY & CO.,

Union Square, will keep their establishment open in the evening, from Monday, 10th inst., until Christmas.